

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

THE THREE WIDOWS.

"VERY sad! very sad, indeed!" said Mr. Emanuel Dovedale; "why was I not applied to sooner?" and giving orders for his long gaiters and water-proof coat, he told his housekeeper that he must have an early dinner, for he had a very long walk before him that afternoon.

"Will you not have a conveyance of some kind, sir? It never suited you to walk directly after eating."

"No, thank you, Sarah; I cannot very well drive to-day. It won't hurt me for once," he said, looking

away from her, for he hoped she would take the hint and go, as he did not wish to pursue the subject any farther.

Sarah understood, and went, but came back again, saying, "I was going to bake the pigeon-pie to-day."

"Yes, very good; it will do nicely," said Mr. Dovedale; with indiscreet briskness, adding, "it will be just the kind of dinner to fortify me for my walk."

"But the oven," said Sarah, seizing the cue thus imprudently given; "I can't get that oven hot enough to bake that pie by half-past two; it's impossible."

Mr. Dovedale glanced at the time, and gave a shrewd guess at what made it impossible, but only replied—

"Well, what you can get ready *do*, for I must not wait beyond half-past two, even for a pigeon-pie."

Sarah slowly, reluctantly retreated. Her master did not consider himself quite safe till a minute or two had elapsed, and then he unfolded his newspaper and said, with a smile, "I shall have the pigeon-pie!"

And so he had; for, having punished him for changing the hour, and exposing himself to the danger of indigestion by the threat, the housekeeper took the oven in hand, and soon convinced it that the pie *must* be baked.

An hour after it had been served up, Mr. Dovedale was walking with a firm, quick step, stick in hand, gaitered and water-proofed, along the streets of London. As his errand was a charitable one, and his own means were appropriated almost to the extent of his power before the year began (that is, he planned out all he could spare for the year in January into certain channels, leaving little for chance charities), he determined, for the purpose of increasing his funds, to call on a few friends in his way to the house of sorrow whither he had been invited.

"Thirty-two! yes, thirty-two," he said, knocking at the door of a handsome house. "Is Mrs. Wickwork at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman, and led the way to the receiving-room.

By the side of a brilliant fire, surrounded by bright steel in every direction, on the surface of which its reflections danced, sat a lady past the middle age, but not much. She wore a widow's dress. She was pale and serious-looking. She had a book in her hand. Her chair was softly cushioned, and on the rich rug an embroidered stool supported her feet.

"Ah! Mr. Dovedale! this is indeed kind. It is a treat I didn't expect," she exclaimed, half rising as her visitor entered the room.

"I am afraid it is a long time since I was here," he said: "but you are rather out of my head. I'm glad to see you looking pretty well. Your room is a vast improvement on out-of-doors: such a fog—you can cut it, my housekeeper says; it is a real wet blanket in your face—chills you, chokes you, and smotheres you all at the same time."

Mrs. Wickwork languidly smiled, and shook her head, and sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what should make me look well," she said; "I have suffered much since I saw you."

"Indeed! Anything—?" *fresh*, Mr. Dovedale would have said, but he didn't like to do it except by shooting up his eyebrows in an inquiring manner.

"What new sorrow do I want?" asked the lady, the tears slowly filling her eyes: "it is just six months to-day since—"

Mr. Dovedale saw the white handkerchief on its way to her face. He heartily wished he had known the day of Mr. Wickwork's demise, and had called the next day, or day after; however, he kept silent until he thought she was calm, and then said gently, "There are privileges attached to sorrow, and when the severity of the blow is past we are able to consider them, to—*enjoy* them," he would have said, but the word sounded harsh in the presence of a widow's tears, and as he couldn't think of a better, he subsided into a close.

"The severity of an affliction like mine cannot pass. I can never suffer less," said Mrs. Wickwork.

Mr. Dovedale was very sorry, and he said so. He said more: he added, that if the suffering did not grow less the consolation might increase, which would, of course, effectually diminish its amount.

"What consolation?" asked the lady; "here I am alone, without an object in life I had almost said—no heart to repose on, no hand to lean on!"

Mr. Dovedale almost fancied that she must have found so poetical a description of her woe in the book she had been reading. His heart grew colder and colder towards her. He said, in a tone getting quite out of the minor key in which sympathy is usually expressed, "I am surprised, my good friend, to hear you ask such a question. There are *certain* and *great* consolations in Christianity, and I always considered you as a professor of it."

"Oh, if it were not for that I could not bear up as I do," said the lady.

"But, having that, you will surely learn to bear up better. Remember, my friend, how many are suffering under a similar bereavement, with the additional distress of poverty to embitter it. Now here are you surrounded with ease, and comfort, and even luxury: yes, luxury," he added, as he glanced round the room. "You are without a single care beyond that of your own personal health and enjoyment."

"Ah! there it is! You have touched the secret spring of my deepest grief," exclaimed Mrs. Wickwork; and to her companion's dismay up went the pocket-handkerchief again. If he had but known where that spring had lain, he would never have touched it.

"You may suppose what a treasure my Lavinia would have been if she had remained to cheer me."

"Ah, well, you know her marriage was considered a happy one, and her going to India with her husband was to be expected. Have you heard lately?" said Mr. Dovedale, hoping to turn the conversation into a more cheerful channel.

"No; and what has detained the mails so long I cannot think—some accident perhaps; once, you know, all the letters were lost; and really to be kept in the agonies of suspense continually is very trying."

"Very, but Colonel Wood will have his furlough soon, won't he? and then you will have them home, that will be very cheering."

"Very, when they come on account of his health; it is most precarious; perhaps he will have to throw up his appointment, I shouldn't wonder."

It was like walking blindfold over red-hot ploughshares; Mr. Dovedale didn't know where to set his foot: he determined to "touch no more springs;" so suddenly looking down on the rug, he declared it was the softest, richest, warmest-looking thing of the kind he had ever seen.

Mrs. Wickwork replied that she had been disappointed in the wearing of it; it easily soiled, and the pile was not sufficiently elastic.

"How well it matches the carpet!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"You surprise me," said the lady; "there is no orange in the carpet, and it is the prevailing colour in the rug. I did not choose it—I trusted to others."

"Well, you've got contrast at least," said Mr. Dovedale, rising. "I must go. I am going to see a poor lady who is in very straitened circumstances, and very delicate health—a widow with a large family to provide for."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Wickwork, shaking her head.

"I am not able to do much for her myself," he continued.

"I'm sure you will do all you can; but one cannot really, help everybody as one would wish to do," said the lady, her voice growing stronger, and her looks more alive.

"No, one cannot; but a poor sickly widow, with six orphans to maintain," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Shocking, indeed; but there are so many public charities. I subscribe to one or two."

Mr. Dovedale felt sure it was to *one*.

"I shall see about them," he replied; "but in the meantime she wants immediate personal help. I want to collect a little for her"—he uttered the last words with some hesitation.

Mrs. Wickwork's face fell back in its usual hard lines, out of which sorrow had drawn it, she took out her purse, and produced half-a-crown. "I don't generally give to chance applications," she said, "one gets so imposed upon; and really there is a tax of some kind for ever coming. But I know I can depend on you."

Mr. Dovedale had a great mind to push the half-crown back; she looked so cross and unfeignedly grieved to part with it. But he thought better of it.

"This is sweet, surely," he said, taking it up, "to be able to visit or help the fatherless and widow in their affliction; to hold the purse of God's providence, and be the happy hand to dispense his bounty."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Wickwork, screwing up her mouth and putting her purse back into her pocket.

"What a miserable woman she is!" he exclaimed, as he paced on briskly through the fog; "how shall I find poor Mrs. Mayblossom?" and his kind heart was pained as he contemplated his visit to the house of mourning, which was to be the end of his labours.

"Well, well; it's of no use to be sentimental about it," he said; "genuine feeling makes us forget ourselves, and weep with those who weep; and, after all, I may find it less trying to see *her* real sorrow, to which I may administer consolation, than the selfish whining of that—dear, dear; what an uncharitable spirit I am getting into! Let me see, down Woburn Place. Yes; that is it. Turn to the left; here we are." And he was about to knock at another door when it opened, and a lady attired for walking appeared at it, and exclaimed, gaily—

"Mr. Dovedale! who would have thought of seeing you on such a day? I wonder Sarah allowed you to come through this fog."

Mr. Dovedale laughed, and said he didn't let a trifle turn him from his purpose; "but," he added, "you are going out. I won't detain you. I have more calls to make. I will come to you another day." Mrs. Innes wouldn't hear of it; she was quite glad he had nipped in the bud her intention of braving the fog; and, drawing him in with friendly force by the hand he had offered in farewell, she closed the door, and led the way to a snug and comfortable room, where they were soon seated by a good fire.

"Now I am very much obliged to you for this visit," said the lady, throwing off her cloak; "it has kept me from venturing out, and saved me, perhaps, from rheumatism and tooth-ache; for I am sure the wind is in the east."

Mr. Dovedale was glad he had been so serviceable, and proceeded to make inquiries after the family of his hostess.

"You have not heard of Charles's appointment, perhaps?" she said, among other things. No, he had not. "A capital appointment—entirely through Sir Rodney. He kept his word at last, I am glad to say."

"He has been a great friend to you," remarked Mr. Dovedale.

"Yes, yes, he *has*," said Mrs. Innes, with hesitation; "but not more than we had a right to expect, you know. He is related to us; poor Captain Innes was his second cousin."

"Second cousins have sometimes short memories on the score of relationship—when the claim of kin is not convenient, I mean," replied Mr. Dovedale, smiling.

"Very true; and I have had to keep Sir Rodney up to the mark, I assure you, or we should not have got this; between you and me, as it is, he might have done better for us. It would have been a hundred a year more in Charles's way if he had got what we first applied for—and he ought to have got it for him; however, we must be content, and £400 a year will do for the present."

"Will *do*," thought Mr. Dovedale; but he didn't remark further on it. "How is Cecilia?" he inquired.

"Very well. She was here last week. We see her continually," said Mrs. Innes.

"Your sister and you are equally advantaged by her kind arrangement," remarked Mr. Dovedale.

Mrs. Innes laughed, and shook her head with that peculiar look which says, "You think so? I know what I know." Finding her companion silent, she put the expression into words, saying, "My sister-in-law never did anything without a full recompense, Mr. Dovedale—this is between you and me. She is my husband's sister, and passes in the world for 'very kind,' and all that, but I know her, and so do you, don't you, now?"

This was asked with a frank sort of gaiety that made her companion smile. He answered that he had always thought Mrs. Hodson a very generous-hearted woman.

"Yes, that is her public character; but now just consider, what generosity is there in giving what she can't keep? and giving it to her own brother's child?"

Mr. Dovedale suggested that she had other relatives, and might have chosen among them.

"Yes, but think of my claim as a widow, and the others are all well off."

Mr. Dovedale stared at this remark.

"Oh, I know what you mean—so am I well off. Well, of course, poor Captain Innes took care of me, and I am not in want of anything; yet for all that, there are many ways in which my sister Hodson might show her generosity to me. It is true she has promised to leave all to Cecilia when she dies, and cannot keep it any longer herself; but, in return for that, what does she do? Why, takes her away from me continually; expects, in fact, to have the best half of her company."

"But you said she was *here* continually," remarked Mr. Dovedale.

"Well—yes, certainly she comes if I send for her, and frequently without; but that is not a pleasant state of things for a mother to have to *ask* for her child. If Mrs. Hodson did the right thing, she would —; but it's of no use complaining. I speak openly to you as an old friend; it is a bitter pill, but, being gilded, I submit to swallow it with a good grace."

As Mrs. Innes closed her remark a look of self-complacency overspread her face, and she challenged Mr. Dovedale's applause with her eyes, but he didn't quite see his way to admiration, so he inquired after little Fred, and hoped he was getting on at the preparatory military school.

"I took him away—I was obliged," said Mrs. Innes.

Mr. Dovedale looked surprised.

"I believe I was wrong, but the discipline was so severe he couldn't bear it, poor little fellow, and being the youngest he was always my pet. I found it so very hard to part with him and his health would have suffered if he had remained. I complained; and applied for relaxation of rules for him through Colonel Brotherton, who was so intimate, you know, with Captain Innes, but I got no redress. I fancy the Colonel wasn't hearty

about it, so I took him away: it is a great anxiety to me, and I don't know what I shall do with him, but——"

A loud noise interrupted her, and a boy of about thirteen rushed into the room, not knowing that any but his mother was there.

"Fred! Mr. Dovedale—speak to Mr. Dovedale," said Mrs. Innes, feeling awkwardly sensible that her visitor would not see much delicacy in Fred's appearance.

The boy gave a hasty recognition of Mr. Dovedale, and then made some urgent application to his mother in a whisper.

"No, really, Fred;" and "Indeed I can't allow it;" and finally, "Well, remember this is the last!" were uttered by Mrs. Innes from time to time as he still more and more urgently pleaded, and at the close she took out her purse, and put some money in his hand, kissing his cheek, and conjuring him not to hurt himself.

Her eyes followed him out of the room, and she said with a mother's fondness, "He grows so fast, and he is flushed to-day; don't you think he gets like his poor father?"

Mr. Dovedale didn't see the likeness, but thought it was probably his own fault, especially as she said, "Everybody sees it. He is going to have fireworks in the court with some of his old schoolfellows. I assure you he makes great demands on my purse. I tell him I cannot stand it; but boys will be boys."

"He looks as if he could stand a little discipline," remarked Mr. Dovedale, gently.

"Yes, his health has greatly improved since he left that school. I must speak to Sir Rodney about him," said Mrs. Innes, with a sigh.

"Will he do anything for you?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Will he? He cannot help it; something must be done, and he can do it best."

Mr. Dovedale thought it was a happy thing to be able to wind up necessities in so satisfactory a style, and having no more time to spend arose to take his leave. "I am on my way to see a person whom you once knew, I think," he said; and added, "poor Mrs. Mayblossom—don't you remember her husband, Captain Mayblossom? He was disabled early in his career in India, and died at last from the effects of a sabre wound, a lingering illness of many years, closed by death in very painful circumstances. I didn't hear till this morning that his widow is in most distressing poverty, with six children, and in very delicate health."

"I remember the name," said Mrs. Innes, coldly, "but he had his half-pay, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course."

"And she has a pension?"

"Yes, but *that*, with six children!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"Ah, indeed! I'm thankful I have but three," said Mrs. Innes, with satisfaction.

"And bad health," continued her companion.

"Dreadful *that*. I don't know what illness is, never suffered from anything but rheumatism and toothache, and I manage to keep out of them pretty well."

"I thought of raising a little subscription for her, quite privately. I mentioned her name to you because you knew her," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Years ago," said Mrs. Innes, hastily; "we were never very intimate; she was rather of a melancholy turn, and I was always the reverse, you know."

Mr. Dovedale stood silent for a moment to give Mrs. Innes time to tender her offering. Perhaps her son's fireworks had cost too much; she did not produce her purse, but said, "You are going to see her, you say?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Well, perhaps you will let me know if there is

anything I can do. Of course, being a widow myself, I am obliged to think of my own wants and my family; still, if——"

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Dovedale, as hastily as she had before replied to him; "perhaps I may find things better than I expect."

"Very likely; these things get so exaggerated, and, really, it isn't everybody that takes matters so quietly as I do."

"Now isn't it monstrous?" thought Mr. Dovedale, as he wended his way to the last of the three widows; "*she* that has all things abounding, and every possible help—that she should talk of taking matters quietly; she is worse than Mrs. Wickwork, and that is saying a good deal."

He had a long way to walk before he arrived at the humble lodging occupied by Mrs. Mayblossom.

"Yes; I dare say she is melancholy now, she has enough to make her," he thought; "and if, as Mrs. Innes says, she was so in her prosperous days, what am I to expect to see in this hour of trying adversity?"

He did not regret his purpose of visiting her, but he felt that he should be very glad when it was over. He was fairly tired when he knocked for admittance. A pretty boy, in black, opened the door, and answered his inquiries with great politeness. The room he was ushered into was very small, and the table was covered with needlework and books. The widow and her three daughters and one of her sons were all seated, busily engaged.

Mr. Dovedale hardly knew where to go, or to put his hat, but with wonderful celerity the coast cleared, the pretty boy took his hat from him with a respectful courteous air, and a third time he found himself seated by a fireside.

There was no soft rug with disobedient pile, no shining steel for the fire to dance in; indeed, the fire seemed more inclined to go to sleep than to dance; but the grate was clean, and if it had not been such a cold, dark day, it would have looked cheerful enough.

Mrs. Mayblossom apologised with easy grace for the full occupation of the room. "We have visitors so seldom," she said, "that we are not prepared for them; indeed, we could not very well be so. We are a large party with little space." As she spoke the work was gathered into a large basket of an ornamental kind, and the books were put into their places on the stand, and everything looked right and orderly.

Mr. Dovedale couldn't open his mission before the young people. He introduced himself as having been a little acquainted with the late Captain Mayblossom, whose name he hardly liked to pronounce, since the widow's weeds had only just been assumed.

Mrs. Mayblossom fixed her eyes on him as he spoke, and said with calm tenderness, "You knew him? then you loved him; everybody who knew him loved him."

Mr. Dovedale felt relieved by her quietude, and answered that his knowledge had been very slight; he added, with embarrassment, that he had heard some particulars of his long illness and death that morning, and had called to make a few inquiries about it. As he spoke he glanced significantly at the young people, who, without a word from their mother, took the hint and left the room one by one till he was alone with the widow.

"You wished to hear of my beloved husband's death," she said, when they had closed the door. "I cannot describe to you the peace and joy of his last moments—his last moments, of the *whole* of his illness—but the last was the seal of the whole; not a doubt, not a care, not a fear."

Mrs. Mayblossom spoke with animation; her face, very pale before, glowed, and her eyes brightened—there was an expression of happiness in her countenance that almost seemed like a smile. Mr. Dovedale was very much struck. He expressed his satisfaction that such was the case, and hoped he was not intruding on her grief, so very recent, assuring her he came from no motive of idle curiosity, but simply to know the truth and to act upon it. Mrs. Mayblossom replied that it was not really recent; she had been looking for his loss too long to feel it a shock, “and seeing him after so long a trial of suffering sink peacefully into rest—real rest in the arms of his Saviour—was more than payment for all.”

“But your loss is great,” said Mr. Dovedale.

“Loss! it is beyond loss,” she said, with some emotion. “I have parted with *myself*, and yet we were so completely one that I cannot feel separated. I cannot bring him down here (nor would I), but I can follow him in the contemplation of that Saviour whose love he rested in; I am again with him; his memory is identified with my hopes of rest and happiness.”

“This is a widow,” thought Mr. Dovedale.

Mrs. Mayblossom now entered into some details descriptive of her husband's faith, and illustrative of the good hand of God on him and on her—showing how they were helped, how they were cheered, supported, taught—in short, how that dark season had been continually brightened by heavenly light.

Mr. Dovedale listened with deep interest; she did not cease till she was wearied with talking; then her cheek grew pale and languid, but there was the same serenity in her face.

“We certainly ought to exercise more faith,” he said; “but had he *no* drawback with respect to your ability to provide for your family?”

“He thought gravely, but not sorrowfully for it; he committed us to our covenant God, who has told us to cast all burthens on him.”

“Yes, but you see, my dear friend, there are certain matters of fact that must be attended to; God does not work miracles.”

“Pardon me, he does!” said the widow, smiling; “I see it daily.”

Mr. Dovedale smiled too, for he knew what she meant.

“I could tell you of innumerable mercies, every one a miracle, that have been showered down on me since I have been in need. The Lord has graciously led me, I may say, by sight, not by faith, for I do so plainly see his hand in all, that to fear for anything would be foolishly perverse. No, no; I *know* his love; he will provide—he does—he will to the end!”

There was no excitement in Mrs. Mayblossom's manner, but a quiet firmness which gave an air of reality to what she said.

“That is a fine youth that opened the door; is he—have you settled anything for him?” Mr. Dovedale inquired, after a pause.

“Alick,” replied the widow, with a sweet smile, “he is a comfort to me beyond description. He is very desirous of entering the army. As yet he is too young to take any active step. We shall see. I am teaching him all I can with his sisters, and when Parker, my eldest boy, is at home, he helps him.”

“What are you doing with him?” asked Mr. Dovedale.

“Nothing,” said the widow, smiling; “that is one of my miracles. His uncle has taken upon himself his whole education for the army—very kind of him—but, indeed, all Captain Mayblossom's friends have shown sympathy, according to what they saw right and just,

towards their own families. I was a poor orphan without a relative on whom I had any claim.”

“And your daughters?” asked Mr. Dovedale.

“Marion, the eldest, is going as nursery governess to her aunt. She is superior to the situation, but I consider it a great blessing for her to go among very young children, whom she will find less difficulty in training in the right way—a way in which she has consistently walked for three years past.” The same sweet smile came over Mrs. Mayblossom's face as she spoke.

“And the others?” asked Mr. Dovedale.

“The others will remain with me till the hand of God moves them. I can bring them on in all that I know myself. I am not anxious about that.”

“But your health?” said Mr. Dovedale, looking as he spoke on her bending figure and thin, pale face.

“I am stronger than I seem—not very strong—but since I have had more to do I think my health is better. I am not at all afraid. ‘As my day my strength will be.’”

“I am afraid,” said Mr. Dovedale, glancing round the little room, “your circumstances must be rather straitened.”

“Oh yes, very poor,” said the widow, “but I consider that I am like people who have money in the bank, and never keep much in the house: when they want it, they go to the bank and get it. Don't misunderstand me,” she added quickly, noticing Mr. Dovedale's look of surprise; “I don't believe the Lord will supply my fancied wants, only my real ones. I have a settled income, slender indeed, but sufficient unless any extraordinary call should arise; and for any such real call I know he will provide.”

“Is there any such pressing on you now?” asked Mr. Dovedale, gently. “You may feel sure I have but one object in asking.”

Mrs. Mayblossom looked at him a moment; her eye brightened. She went to her desk on the table, and took out a long blue paper, which to any practised eye would have declared itself a bill. “This came in a week ago,” she said. “I had no knowledge of the debt, my dear husband must have forgotten it. The death of the man has obliged his widow to call in all her money. I have pleaded for time, that I might be able by self-denial to save the money, unless help to pay the demand came.”

“You may plead the Statute of Limitations,” said Mr. Dovedale, looking at the bill, which was for part of an outfit, and came to £19 17s. 6d.

“It is a heavy sum,” exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom; “but the debt is a just one, no doubt. Oh no, I shall be able to pay it in time; but this is just such a call as I alluded to.”

Mr. Dovedale asked for pen and ink, and wrote a cheque for twenty pounds, which he handed to her, saying, “Now you will call this a miracle.”

“Assuredly,” said the widow, the tears rising to her eyes. “May He who sent you on this errand pay his messenger! *He will.*”

Mr. Dovedale felt that he had been amply paid by the lesson he had been taught. As he put his hand into his pocket for his gloves, he felt Mrs. Wickwork's half-crown. “Poor creature!” he inwardly ejaculated.

“So,” he thought, as he walked home, “money, connections, comforts, what are they all to faith, living, practical faith? Those two widows are depending on mere *streams*: this one is at the fountain head. They may be disappointed at the drying up of their resources any moment—*she*, never.”

Sarah was puzzled that evening by the abstraction of

his manner, and she thought, as he read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which he chose at prayer time, that he seemed to be reading it more to himself than to her, for he stopped continually as if reflecting on it; and so he was, for a new light had fallen on the page, the light of example, and he also remembered the words, "according to your faith be it unto you."

CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES.

CHRISTMAS time and Christmas-day. There are no other holidays, no other day like this in the year, for the child. The sweet mysterious joy of Christmas time, do you remember that? Nay, you must be indeed soured, and old, and childless, if the light of memory even has died off from the clouds, however long ago that old sun set. That magic glow which lights up Christmas for the child leaves us soon after the teens are well entered, and a sort of blank period has to be passed before you are revisited with something of that old, as it were, fairy-land enjoyment. You cannot grasp it again ever in your own heart, which is now sobered and shaded, less easily pleased and surprised, less ecstatic even when it is happy. Yourself have changed, and life is not now a glittering Fair—the gilt all gold, the swings and roundabouts an untasted enjoyment, the booths shrines of unearthly mysteries and glories. You are rather a pacer upon the despoiled ground some days after. The gingerbread has lost its charm, the swings have made you sick, the wild-beast shows would seem now a sorry caravan, the slatternly girls that went off in the wheeled house were far other than the lovely forms that charmed you in white muslin last night outside the booth. You have spent your new half-crown, and survey coldly, a rueful bankrupt, the orange-peel, nutshell-littered waste. The glamour of life has gone; I mean the easy surprise, and quick pleasure, and ready belief, the zest of newness, of inexperience, which made trifling things marvels. Christmas and your tenth birthday are no longer (as they loom, or rather brighten, out of the infinite vista of the last year) full of a strange and inexpressibly mysterious sweetness. Life's mysteries have been caught up and passed, one by one; the first going to church, the leaving off pinafores, school, college life, leaving off lessons, divers love-dreams, courtship in good earnest, beginning life in your profession, marriage, fatherhood—only death remains, an unopened mystery, a problem unsolved, an experience untasted. Not all these disappointed, surely, but the wonder, the surprise, the incredulous anticipation has died away from each, as the gates unfolded and we passed out at the other side. Early in life the strangeness lingered, nor was exhausted by one draught. And Christmas after Christmas was, as it shone in the far distance, or as it drew nearer, though still such ages in coming, yet haunted by almost visible angel wings, and hallowed by its own unreal, indescribable, evanescent fascination. Now it is (as Christmas treads on the heels of Christmas) a time of higher, deeper, wider, more intelligent adoration; a time whose holiness has ripened, but whose magic has fled; a time of tender sadness, as well as of tender happiness, but no longer of unmixed ravishment; a time, let us hope, of bending fruit, but not of fairy bloom; and its clear bell-music across the sparkling moonlit snow has taken up some tolls of "good-byes" into the peals that raced out nothing but "welcomes" long ago. Ay, Christmas has ceased its old custom of only adding to our stores—it has passed on to the next rule of arithmetic since then. Home for the

holidays. Yes, some have left school for good; but your lessons, after all, are not yet done, and these Christmases are passed somewhat wearily in the school-house, which (now that the merry faces and voices have died away from the building and the playground) you find has no claim to the name of Home. And so a blank of that peculiar Christmas feeling, that Christmas atmosphere of the heart and thoughts, a blank of this glow comes upon the years which have left childhood and early youth behind, and you sigh that "those old Christmases had thrice the life of these." Nor is the matter mended until you have about you a gathering of children of your own. Then, indeed, something of the old delight comes back; for are there not eagerly-expected Christmas-boxes to give, if there are none to receive? and if there is no rush into the house, "home for the Christmas holidays" for yourself, no glittering programme of delights mapped out, why see—

"Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all!"

And as the mother darts into the hall, and you (quite as excited and glad-hearted) wait behind on the rug, before that blazing fire, don't you feel, when the carriage has stopped and the boys have been blown into the room, and there has been a rush of snow-crustured garments, and a kissing of rosy cold cheeks, don't you feel, I say, that something of the glamour and peculiar glee of Christmas has revisited you? Yes, we grow young again in our children's amusements, and Cyril and I take turns, with almost equal glee, in shots from his new cross-bow at that oil-flask on the washing-post, and the popular entertainments fascinate us again, because of the fascinations of those to whom all is new.

"My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttle-cock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow."

But what matter? When you have Reginald and Austin, eager with their cricket-bats or their bows, and Millicent racing after you with streaming hair; or when you are about to try with them that big kite that you have concocted, or that ship whose rigging you have superintended—is it *only* to please the children (as you plead), or is there not a pretty thorough entering into the sports themselves? Come, confess, and be not ashamed; you are probably the better for that second boyhood; an autumn crocus that comes up, a little tottery in the legs, falling across the brown beds over which the spring ones crowded.

"Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter under the holly! We know, and have not out-lived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear witness! Before this boy there stretches out a future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honour and with truth. Around this little head, on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider, but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written."

Thus a brother-writer beautifully and touchingly

shows how Christmas can come to a second edition in mature lives about which young lives have gathered.

But let me bethink myself. Christmas remembrances; what are these to me, and to many another one? Oh, I recall them easily; they come back with a tender ghost-like reality to the heart that summons them; and I am a child again, with other children, looking forward to those long holidays of life when all lessons should be over, but which (by the way) prove more likely all lesson-time and no holidays.

There is, first, Christmas morning; we hurry to the window, not feeling cold feet, as we shall in a few years' time. What kind of morning is it? A rare Christmas morning, we perceive, when we have breathed a hole in the frost-tracery of the panes; the snow has been falling, probably all the night long (by-the-bye, whence came that unearthly music that, we now recall, woke us in the still, moonlit night?); the frail white wealth of it clings five inches deep to the window-ledge; the horse in the neighbouring field looks a dirty yellow; the black, half-moon-chested powder, and the tail-heavy fantails, strut wonderingly about the open trap of the pigeon-house, then, with sudden panic or vagary, clap off from their perch, scattering the snow, and swiftly circle about the house in the dun air, one or two, as they pass one point wherein the low sun presently strikes them, lit and clear with rosy-white against the slate sky. But the loaded shrubs and trees are the glorious wonder to us; every dead old stick and familiar evergreen has for us its surprise. How black and bending they all stand under the heavy motionless mass of new-fallen snow! and see that ebony blackbird with golden bill, and that warm-breasted robin, and how the snow falls in a miniature storm, as the fussing sparrows collect on the twigs near the dining-room window, out of which gleams "bright laid breakfast," and the cheery fire.

But the Christmas bells have begun, out of the dark morning, and at once give the sacred, weird, hallowing tone which belongs to the day. A waft of the old Christmas hymns and Christmas carols and Christmas texts comes with them; there is that cadence of "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace;" there is the chorus-burst, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given;" there is that ever-fascinating story made weirdly real to-day, the story of the silver Star in the east, guiding those grave wise kings to that manger where the Divine Babe lies among the oxen:—

"Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all."

Then they undo their bales and offer their gifts; gold and frankincense, and myrrh—

"Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh his sepulchre foreshows."

And who else are these pressing near, but with more diffidence, more in the background, yet, we are assured, not less welcome? Oh, that eastern night! we have often heard of it, but now, on Christmas morning, it seems as though we had seen it; the broad still moon, the piercing stars, the heavy drooping palm leaves, the grey, stunted olives, the clustered or scattered sheep, the shepherds, some asleep and some half drowsy. And suddenly that unearthly light, that makes the moon's bright severe rays turbid and dull; that sweet and marvellous solo, a voice, in satisfaction and in suggestion infinitely beyond earth's utmost of perfect, speaking for the first time those good tidings, the Gospel, the Birth at

last of the Saviour of the world. And suddenly—something as the full peal bursts into the air from the solitary bell-voice or two in the tower—suddenly, at the word, the irrepressible angel-legions, the multitude of the angel host, unable, simply unable to hold back their ecstasy of congratulation—a gleaming throng, whiter than moonlight, but not so cold, making the moonlight dim—a full radiance on earth—a spiral radiance, lighting up the heaven—a scattered dazzling gleam, flashing down here and there, and then that ecstatic chorus—

"Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace;
Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

Yes, of all that wondrous Life, the beginning has, naturally, the greatest charm for the child. It is the most easily realised, and they tire not of hearing how

"Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for his bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child."

But we have dressed at last, with blue faces and frozen fingers, and, by ones and twos, have gathered about that rearing fire which makes the room so orange, and the shadows so blue. And now here is the glorious surprise of the Christmas decorations to admire and to examine, all put up, since we said good night, by elder brothers and sisters. The wreaths about the looking-glass and the pictures; comfortable holly, thick all up the stem with warm vermilion berries; dark-fringed yew; box, with its little cups or boats of leaves; varnished ivy and berberis; fir, with silver underside; orange winter cherries in their skeleton cage, glowing out of the dark-green; feathery traveller's joy (picked and saved in autumn), giving a lightness to the heavy hues. Then some devices and emblems here and there on the walls; then off to drawing-room, kitchen, and study, to see what has been done there. But the father and the mother have come in to breakfast meanwhile, and there is the rush back to the dining-room, and the eager interchange of "Happy Christmases;" and then, after prayers, a very important item in the customs of the day, what are the contents of those mysterious parcels on the side-board? Ah, we know; that is, we know the species, but not these individuals of it yet. But father makes us bring them, and they are carefully undone, amid a breathless suspense; stupid books, with no pictures, for grown-up Reginald—but he doesn't seem to think them stupid—a beautiful fitted work-bag for Kate, and so down into toys and picture-books—exactly somehow what each seemed to want. And Uncle John, he hasn't forgotten to send his little packet for each—graduated sums, from gold to silver piles, but every coin bran-new from the mint, increasing each year until a maximum shall have been attained. Our increase is to the full what we had hoped, so we are richer than we have ever been yet. Fancy, when it comes to gold! But, meanwhile, how pretty and white and clean the milled edges of the half-crowns and shillings look. Then a little important conversation, in low tones, and Reginald brings in the combined offering to father and mother; for months the knowledge of some once-expressed want has been hoarded up; only we feared so that they would have got it before. Then smaller mysteries from pockets and drawers, and an interchange of many minor brotherly and sisterly tokens. After breakfast the important exhibition of our treasures to the old Cook and Emma; and then the piling them up in separate heaps. What a feast lasting on for weeks that old "Peter Parley's Annual" used to be!—that was sure to be one of the presents. I don't know anything about it now; but then, how

eager were we to plunge into the continuation of Neddy Bray, and of Mosette and her Nine Lives. People in these hurrying days complain of having to wait from month to month for the chapters of a story; but we had been reading these over and over again in the year, and the delight of the new supply was enhanced tenfold by the delay.

But soon it is time to get ready for church, and the bells begin again, and, well wrapped from the cold, we sally forth, quite a little procession, with rising incense of smoky breath, into the snow. It lies heaped, however, we compassionately see, in yellow banks on this side and on that of the dark paths; we resist not the temptation of setting a little foot in a white, smooth space, to feel the grateful crunch, and to leave a clear impression. And so we go on, and file into the church, and are soon smothered in the deeps of that huge square pew (they used to exist in those old days), and rather wonder at than admire the artificial shrubbery which has sprouted all along the pews and above the mighty erection of Commandments (black and yellow) over the communion-table, and make our necks ache by looking up at the clergyman, ever so high—three storeys high—above us. But the service seems all Christmas-like, and the Lessons, and the Gospel, seem all to belong to Christmas-day; and the text is that glad chorus of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men." And we couldn't help watching that bough of arbutus, shaking all the time, as Mrs. Brownrigg fidgeted, until at last her big bonnet tilted it over into the aisle. And we little ones went home first, and about an hour after father and mother and Regie and Kate came, and then we had lunch; and then service again. You must know that we were all to dine together late on Christmas-day. And this of itself was grand; but when you consider the peculiar dishes (quite the same things in fact are quite different in fancy on other days than Christmas): the noble turkey, with his chains of sausages; the splendid plum-pudding, with (fulfilling our speculations) a dim blue flame about it, and a royal piece of holly towering above; mince pies; and, afterwards, in the drawing-room, such a log on the fire, and such big round oranges, swelling out of the dark bay leaves; and such French plums, and such almonds and raisins, and such a cosy evening altogether, with a peep at our presents every now and then; and some music and some stories; and to bed at last, so tired and yet so sorry to go. Ah! it has been a happy day—

"Christmas comes but once a year."

I have hinted at the cause of its having such a charm for the child; for, besides the treats themselves—besides the bright rainbow—there is a second bow, a halo, faintly ringing them all. There is a fascinating interest in the Christmas story, even merely regarded as a story; and the festivities of the day are intimately connected with this. It watches over all their strong tints with a weirder, fainter glory. Festivities on such a day are proper; the share of the body in our present state—ay, and, further, in our perfect state through eternity, is forgotten and lost sight of by those who would refuse to it both discipline and festivity in connection with religion. Festivity within due bounds is fitting; but, I need not say, it is liable to abuse. Not only are too many apt to transgress the rule of being merry and wise, and to become, as Hood says, "merry and—otherwise," but I can't but think that the festivity on the day should not be of a character quite to disperse its previous associations, and to dispel that other ethereal glory that includes and dwells above its brightness. Don't let it be a dull day: not this, of

all things—not other than a very happy day; but contrive to impregnate every special feature of the day with that day's own peculiar meaning. Let the thought of it lie in the day like the bag of lavender in your drawer, which, you know, causes that even common things, and those that may seem to have the least to do with a blue lavender field, may bring a whiff of imperceptible reminding of it now and then. I would have the more noisy secularities of merriment rather spread over the season than brought into the day. Some of my readers may differ from me. Some object altogether to such celebrations. Yet, my brother, if you do think me too strict, accept, nevertheless, my grasping hand and my wish of a *happy* Christmas and a *merry* Christmas season. Let the day, for my part, I say, be a holy day as well as a holiday. Is it not a flaw in our theory and in our practice if thus it be the less, and not rather the more happy? Our dull hearts make those thoughts and themes dull which thrill angelic and archangelic hearts with ineffable rapture. Let the employments and enjoyments of the day be, then, never antagonistic to, often directly suggestive of, its train of religious rejoicing; and contrive this so that Christmas-day, among the other days of Christmas, like Christ among the Apostles, may be known, however human and humane, by a glory round the head. Give Christmas-day that charm to the young—that one charm of which older years can never rob it; and amid the brotherhood assembled round the fire, shut not out that Brother who on that day was born, that none, unless they will, should be shut out from his Father's House of many mansions, whither he is gone to prepare a place for us; amid the friendly circle find the post of honour for Him who, by solemn words and solemn deeds, has preferred his claims to our love; for truly "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Enough of Christmas when we were young. One word of Christmas when we have grown up. We look at it chiefly as a day of gatherings then. Hardly so in childhood—we *are* gathered; there have been as yet no permanent scatterings; even those at school are at home for six weeks; and the elder brother at college is with us for a time, which seems long to the young. But the years pass, and, like thistledown, one after one sails away; and this one day gathers them together from the four winds. It is well to keep up presents, then, still; it is well to keep up any graceful and innocent ancient customs. Amid the Christmas wreaths,

"Twine one wreath more for use and wont,
Grey nurses, loving nothing new."

Be the heart kindly, the furrows softened; let the sad faces tone down their sorrow, the glad faces add light to their joy.

"Let old friends strengthen former loves,
And let old hatreds die."

Nor fear to add mirth to happiness as the season goes on, nor laughter to smiles, within due measure; for surely it is meet that we should *make merry* and be glad: for this our earth was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

ADVENTURE WITH GRIZZLIES.

BY J. K. LORD, F.R.S.

ONE day in the year 1863 I was lounging lazily under the shadow of a magnificent cedar, near the Pend Oreille river, when a canoe glided softly over the glassy waters, plied by Indian hunters, who came to tell me of two enormous "grizzlies" that had just passed along the trail leading to the hills behind my camping-ground.

The Pend Oreille river is a tributary to the mighty Columbia. Its scenery, unsurpassed by any stream west of the Rocky Mountains, possesses a wild beauty and substantial grandeur peculiarly its own. It is a stream memorable in the history of the fur traders, as being

stretched over a framework of sticks, it is as light as a basket, capsizing with a facility dangerously disagreeable to the inexperienced. First, one has to get in—at all times a service of danger, except to the native. Cautiously one foot has to be placed in the centre of



LITTLE HE THOUGHT THAT THE BEAR WAS JUST UPON HIM.

the route followed by Captains Lewis and Clarke, the pioneers of the far North-west. The portion of it where our story commences is named Clark Fork by the fur traders, Synakwateen by the Indians; the latter word, interpreted, means a crossing, and is so designated because used by all the Indians, *en route* to the buffalo plains, as the best place to swim their horses.

It was about the middle of June, and the lovely summer was in the full pride and strength of its sunny beauty. Its scorching heat was tempered and rendered enjoyable by the breeze ever stealing softly down the valleys and ravines, cooled from its sojourn in the regions of ice.

A hunter's preparations are soon completed. In ten minutes we were ready for a start. Our route lay by canoe about three miles up the river, thence by trail into the hills, to seek the lair of the bears. A canoe, let me inform the novice, is not by any means such a delightful fairy-like barque as poetry has invariably portrayed it. Made from the rind of the cedar-tree,

the canoe, and the other brought by slow degrees to the side of it; the slightest deviation from the vertical, and a plunge is the instant result. Having so far succeeded, the next thing is to sit down in the bottom—a process requiring great pliancy of back and flexibility of limb. The least slip, the smallest preponderance of weight to one side, and you are in the water with magical rapidity. Down at last you sit, with your legs perfectly straight; and as there is no support for the back, the position closely approximates that of a culprit in the stocks. Cramp, crick in the back, or unpleasant twinges must be borne. Dare to rest an arm, ever so lightly, on the edge of the canoe, a sudden heeling over, and a consciousness of being up to your waist in water, is the result of your indiscretion. In the bow sits a grim redskin, the paddler; behind, another equally ugly, steering.

As we paddle along, I may as well introduce my two companions, both pure Indians, belonging to a small tribe—the Pend Oreille, taking their name from the

river, or the river from them. (The origin of the name I am at a loss to imagine, as they wear no ear ornaments.) One short, thick, muscular, square-shouldered, and very bow-legged, his Indian name unspellable or unpronounceable if spelt, meaning "he of the fleet feet," I called Quelp, a brave hunter, most skilful tracker, decently good shot, but having a decided weakness for the "fire water of the pale faces." The other was much younger; what he lacked in muscular strength and development had its equivalent in extreme activity and power of endurance; by his Indian name he was known as "he of the thumb like a blunt arrow;" but I designated him "the Satellite." Their hair they wore long, hanging down their backs to the waist; their only clothing was a piece of skin or blanket tied round the middle. Each owned a trade gun, a canoe, and skin lodge, possessions constituting the owner wealthy in his tribe.

We land on a grassy slope, like an exquisite lawn, stretching down from the timber to the water's edge; carry up the canoe, and carefully hide it in the bushes; then start for our journey up the mountain side.

Our path led up the course of a mountain burn, winding through vast fragments of rock that completely covered the hill side. The climbing was difficult and tedious as we gained in altitude. Reaching at last a level plateau, the sharp eye of Quelp detected the trail of the bears. They appeared to have passed several hours ahead of us. A council of war was held; and as there was very little probability of our overtaking the grizzlies until too dark to risk a fight, we determined on camping, and following them early in the morning.

To fully realise what solitude means, is to be alone in the wilds of a primeval forest. As the shadows fade and the purple light of the setting sun lingers round the hill tops, the birds settle down to sleep, and the busy hum of forest life gradually dies away; a death-like silence creeps over the wilderness, not a sound, but the measured rhythm of your own breathing, whilst the occasional howl of the wolf, or scream of the night-owl seem intensified to a loudness perfectly unearthly and appalling. Supping royally on a grouse, skewered on a long peeled stick, in lieu of spit, and thus roasted over the fire, we slept as only tired hunters can sleep.

The unrisen sun was just tinting the surrounding hills with its cold grey light, when a rough shaking from Quelp disturbed pleasant dreams of home, and friends, and far-off lands. We looked carefully at the guns, to avoid any chance of damp causing a miss-fire—a hunter's first consideration; for grizzlies—let me tell you, to whom they are only known traditionally—are, as the Scotch say, "kittle cattle to shoe." As the lion is king of the jungle in Africa and India, so does the grizzly rule supreme over prairie and through the forests of the "Far West." Every beast dreads an encounter with a grizzly; few horses can be brought to face him; the bison flies at his approach; and the Indians hold him in such fear, that a necklace made from his claws is the greatest proof of courage a hunter can exhibit; not a gold-seeker or trapper but carefully looks out for "bar signs," knowing well the danger of his hug.

Following the trail, through a belt of timber and out on an open grassy slope, where wild raspberries grew in great abundance, it was clear the bears had supped on the luscious fruit, the bushes being broken and trampled down. Several places were pointed out by Quelp, who, going through a strange pantomime performance, made me understand that the bears had here sat on their haunches, as is their wont to do when they clean their mouths and whiskers with their ponderous feet. About three hundred yards farther up the slope,

here very steep and quite clear of trees, was an immense heap of rocks, large angular masses, piled like giant masonry. Pointing to the tracks that led from the bushes up the hill side towards the rocks, down went Quelp on the grass, and, coiling himself up like a dog, placing one hand over his head, thus demonstrated his belief that the bears were fast asleep in the crevices of the rocks.

Great care was needed, first to get the wind; that is, that the breeze should blow from the animal to the hunter, otherwise their keen sense of smell discovers the approach of man, even when they are sleeping. Not a word was to be whispered. The rocks reached, we were to ascend them at three different points; in case the bear should hear us and come out, one of the three would be pretty sure to get a shot. Separating at the base of the cairn, that in shape was an irregular triangle, I took the upper side, Quelp the lower, the Satellite the angle betwixt us, nearest the timber, leading into which was a well-trodden path. Though not afraid, my heart beat loudly, and I hardly dared to breathe. The first rays of the sun, now just clear of the hills, slanted down upon the lichen-clad rocks, lighting up the dark crevices and caves, revealing their innermost depths; the dew-drops, hanging on every spray and leaf, glittered like countless gems. A stone displaced by accident, or the chirp of a bird, made me start; for I knew not how soon Bruin would be upon me, or whence he might come. In a stealthy manner I had climbed about half way to the summit. Resting on a kind of ledge, I discovered, by drawing myself along on my stomach, that I could peep out over and see what was going on. Just below me, on a flat rock, Quelp was on his knees, his gun at his shoulder, levelled into a large crevice, whilst emerging from a hole behind him was a gigantic grizzly. I could see with horror that a single bound only was needed. The glittering eye, rounded back, every muscle quivering with rage and ferocity, told in language not to be mistaken that the bound would follow in a second, and that poor faithful Quelp's tenure of life would be speedily ended.

The flash of Quelp's gun, and at the same instant a dark mass rolling down over the rocks, seemed to be simultaneous events. The bear had sprung upon him as he fired, and with such force as to carry him over the rocks, and down upon the grassy slope. Seizing my rifle, reckless of all consequences, I leapt from rock to rock, shouting wildly for Satellite. Before me I saw the bear and Indian rolling rapidly one over the other down the hill; the shrieks of the savage, mingled with the hoarse growls of the bear, fell distinctly on my ear. To fire would be sheer insanity, as one would be just as likely to hit the Indian as the bear. The trunk of a large pine-tree lay just ahead of them, against which I saw they must roll and stop. For poor Quelp I had not the faintest hope; all I thought of was shooting the ferocious beast. To get a good chance at close quarters, I ran so as to get the lower side of the tree, thinking the bear would be so occupied with his victim that I should be enabled to skulk upon him unnoticed. Bang came the pair against the tree, with a momentum that providentially sent the bear clear over the stump, leaving Quelp on the upper side. The beast was soon on his legs, growling savagely; and, champing like an enraged bear, he began hunting round for his lost victim. By this time I too had reached the stump, and was within twenty yards of the bear. I knew he would charge viciously the moment he saw me, and, should I miss, my chance of escape was but small. Fortunately for me, the animal espied Satellite, who preferred looking

on from a safe distance to that of risking a clawing. Turning round to rush at the Indian, the beast brought his side fairly towards me. Dropping on my knees, and resting my rifle on the fallen tree, I drew a "steady head" on him; the leaden messenger, true to its mission, entered the chest just behind the elbow; the blood gushed from both mouth and nostrils. An instinct seemed to tell the huge brute that if once he fell, it was never to rise again; with legs placed wide apart, and rocking from side to side, he made the hills echo with his terrible groans. Savage beast as he was I felt for him, and, to end his miseries, sent a second bullet through his head, that rolled him over lifeless amongst the raspberry bushes where he had so recently regaled himself and eaten his last supper.

The first thing was to look after poor Quelp—not that I expected to find a spark of life remaining. The Satellite coming boldly down, now that Bruin was settled, and all danger over, assisted in carrying the maimed Indian from beneath the tree, under which he had burrowed like a marmot. A more pitiable object I never beheld. His back, literally scored by the powerful claws of the bear, his body bruised from the bear's hugging, and tumbling over and over in his rotatory journey down the hill, added to the fall from the rocks, had well-nigh scared him out of his senses.

I was satisfied, after a careful surgical examination, that he had a chance of recovery; but I have found, in severe injuries from wild beasts, that the shock to the system is generally more dangerous than the wounds.

We soon extemporised a litter, and, after a most trying journey down the mountain, at last succeeded in reaching the canoe. Laying the wounded man in the bottom of it, we paddled down to the Indian village, the squaws taking immediate possession of the patient. As they are most skilful nurses, and most practised hands in all cases of injury arising from teeth, knife, or arrows, I felt sure his chance of living was far from hopeless.

Four canoes were manned at once, by red-skinned hunters, to return for the dead bear, and to find the one Quelp had fired at when so suddenly pounced upon by an unseen foe. The wily old hunter had spied one of the bears asleep amidst the rocks, and, when I peeped over the ledge, was in the act of firing at her, little dreaming the other was so close behind him. The old chief in person accompanied us, taking me in his canoe—not that a chief is a whit cleaner or better dressed than his subjects, but he has a kind of questionable authority, due to the possession of more property than any other in his tribe.

On reaching the scene of Quelp's disaster, the bear I had shot—an old male, of huge proportions—lay stiff and rigid, terrible even in death. The other, which turned out to be the female, had been badly wounded by Quelp, but had dragged herself out and reached the wood. She was easily traced by the drops of blood that thickly bespattered the ground. After a brief search in the forest, an Indian spied her sitting up, licking the wound in her side. It was left to me to shoot her; walking up very near, I sent a bullet through her heart. A convulsive shudder shook her massive frame, and, like her liege lord, she rolled over dead, beneath the shadow of the pine-trees. It took some time and much labour to skin this forest king and queen; but "many hands make light work;" and in grand procession we a second time descended the mountain, bearing with us such trophies of the chase as seldom fall to the lot of a hunter—four feet, armed with such claws as any brave would risk his life to have and wear, and two grizzly skins.

The fate of poor Quelp hung like a gloomy cloud over the sunshine of the achievement. But danger passed is soon forgotten; and he was at length pronounced in a fair way of recovery.

I made the chief a present of one set of claws, and Quelp those of the male bear, that he might wear round his neck the weapons that had so fearfully damaged him and nearly ended his days. Wild with delight, the Indians did war dances and held a grand feast in honour of the "long beard," as I was designated in Savagedom, who had saved their kinsman's life, and presented him with that which, of all things on earth an Indian most prizes—a necklace of grizzly bears' claws.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BLUE.

I AM an "Old Blue." I don't mean a decayed policeman, nor a Tory of the ancient type. Neither do I mean by the word "old" to convey to the reader an idea that I am threescore years and ten: but I mean simply that I am an ex-Bluecoat-boy, retaining many lively impressions of my school-boy days; and, as the recollections are the source of much pleasure to me, I may be pardoned for presuming that they may interest the public.

I am not going to give a lengthy dissertation on the history of the school, its statutes, the modes of education, and so on. More learned men have written about all this, but they have not written about the "inner life" of the Blue—his recreations, holidays, play-hours, virtues, faults, and foibles, things that are not often found in the history of institutions or official guide-books.

"Boys will be boys," and "You can't put old heads on young shoulders," are aphorisms the truth of which I think no one will question. Boys, as a rule, imagine themselves to be martyrs, and fancy they are sent to school for the purpose of being made to learn, to be caned, flogged, and kept under restraint; and the Blue, as a junior, is no exception to the general rule. In school he will study if he is well overseered, but, like other boys, he will use every conceivable effort to "do" the master if he can. "Counting up," writing the cues on the finger nails, and "fudging" (that is, being prompted by a brother chum) are very common. In ciphering, for instance, the boys stand back to back to prevent copying; but the quick arithmetician often assists his less ready companion by "passing" the answer; and, although the working of the sum may be wrong, the answer being right, the deception may escape even the critical eye of the master. In fact, my experience has taught me that if a boy is fond of study, and naturally quick, he will get on well at Christ's Hospital; if inclined to be idle and naturally dull, the chances are he will remain so. The punishments are chiefly the ordinary "cake" or hander, the "sheet," and the "brush." No master is allowed to give more than six "cakes" at a time, and many of the boys take the punishment with a quiet smile, knowing that the dose cannot be increased. The "sheet" need really be no punishment at all. If a boy "miss," or does not know his lesson, he is given a sheet of foolscap paper (or, perhaps, three or four), and is ordered to write out the lesson one, two, or three hundred times, as the case may be. An upper boy immediately hands over the task to a small boy or fag, and he has to suffer in his master's stead; or a boy may purchase a substitute for a few pence. The "brush" is the most severe punishment administered: the boy is hoisted on the back of a beadle, and another official lays the birch rod on the back of the culprit. There is an old standing saw that no boy is a true Blue

if he has not been "brushed." I am afraid the majority of the boys are very true Blues.

The favourite games of the boys are rounders (played only with the patent air-ball to prevent damage), football, marbles, etc., the more dangerous games, that are attended with risk to limb or clothes, being prohibited; but, with natural perversity, the boys delight in a sly play at the forbidden games, and often appear in pitiable plight, with bruises and torn clothes, in consequence. Some wards "name playing," that is, compel every boy in their ward to play on half-holidays; so that if a junior wishes to write home, or read, or study, he cannot do so because the edict has passed at the dinner-table from boy to boy, "Hand down, come to the top of the hall, playground after;" and woe be to the boy that turns not up! So great a dread have many of the little boys of this compulsory play, that I have known them volunteer to write the big boys' "sheets," and even to purposely fail in their lessons, to get a task themselves. I do not know whether this state of things exists now; but eleven years ago it did, as many of the ex-Blues of that day will verify.

Fagging, although not recognised by name, exists in practice: the junior makes the senior's bed, cleans his boots, goes on errands, scouts at ball, etc.; in fact, "makes himself generally useful." I do not decry this amount of fagging, because the junior in his turn becomes a senior, and is waited on; it would be useless to hide the fact, that for the first two or three years in London a "Blue" has to "rough it;" but I look at the matter in this light, that the "roughing" is but a part in the system of education, and tends to make a boy self-reliant, manly, and generous. The anxious parent may, however, rest satisfied that if a boy is ill no greater care can possibly be taken of him. There is a large and commodious infirmary on the premises, fitted up with every comfort, and no boy could be treated more kindly or efficiently if he were at home.

A curious feature of the Blues is their "housey expressions," or native style of talk. No stranger hearing the boys converse in the vernacular would understand much of the topic under discussion, and even the "Slang Dictionary" would be useless as an assistant to unravel the mysteries of their jargon. We must, however, content ourselves with two or three examples. "Bite" is the word of caution, or signal of danger, and is equivalent to the common phrase "Look out!" Bread is called "crug," and the adverb "very" is represented by the word "wooston;" thus, a Blue would not say "I am very hungry," but "I am wooston cruggy." A tale-bearer is termed a "pun;" the act of tale-telling is styled "punning out;" the phrase "I'll report you" is never used, but in its stead "I'll pun you out." Many words are also thoroughly changed, either by the addition of a syllable or by contraction; thus, "Don't be mean" is never used, but "Don't be a meaney." "I am going to the Exhibition" would be contracted thus, "I am going to the Exsbish," and so on. Almost every word of importance in common conversation is either entirely changed, clipped, or added to, so that the "uninitiated" would learn but little should he overhear the direct conspiracy hatched through the medium of the Blues' "confab."

The inventive genius of the Blue is marvellous, if not commendable; never at a loss for some plausible excuse, often getting into a scrape, and ever ready with some "cute plan" to get out of it, he seems never non-plused. I remember, on one occasion, a boy had managed to obtain some sprats. Eureka! what a delicacy! But how to cook them, that was the question. Frying-pan? impossible to obtain. Saucepan? equally

impossible. Roast each one separately? too slow a process for a "cruggy" Blue. And here the Crusoe-like originality of the boy displayed itself; he fetched his slate, took off the frame, and cooked the savoury morsels on the slate itself. A few of the seniors in each ward are "sitting-up boys;" that is, they are allowed to sit up and read or study an hour or two after the rest have gone to bed. Those who are not "sitting-up boys" must, of course, study their tasks during some portion of their play-hours, as they cannot see to read in bed, the wards being lit by a single lamp only. I knew a boy, however, who manufactured a lamp this fashion: he saved the fat of his meat at dinner, and filled a walnut-shell with it; he then picked a piece from his brace or stocking for a wick, and thus an ingenious but dangerous patent night-light was manufactured.

Fights are not frequent at Christ's Hospital, and when they do occur it is in a back yard, and spies are set to "give the bite." The punishment for fighting is very severe. The most trying part is that the belligerents are compelled to stand together outside the warden's office the whole of their play-hours, till their bruises, etc., are healed. There is one great advantage in this system; the boys are often afterwards the firmest of friends, having had ample time to settle all little differences "in a quiet sort of way."

For a great many years it has been the custom for the Lord Mayor to invite the boys to the Mansion House. Each Blue is presented with a new shilling, a glass of wine, and two buns. The monitors, however, have half-a-crown, and the Grecians a guinea. I am compelled to confess, though, that many of the boys mortgage their shilling weeks, and even months, before the day, for a penny or two. In fact, I knew one boy in our ward receive between twenty and thirty shillings from boys in the same ward, when his outlay was only as many pence; and this, notwithstanding the following notice is posted in each ward:—"No boy is allowed to take money, or anything else, from his schoolfellows; and the matrons and officers have strict injunctions to use their utmost endeavours to prevent so improper a practice." Cocoa and sugar is also a favourite confection with the boys, and the fortunate possessor of a shilling, a week or two before the holidays, often invests it as follows:—He buys two packets of cocoa (fourpence), and a pound of moist sugar (fivepence); mixes it, and sells a small portion of the amalgamated sweets to perhaps twenty boys for a shilling after the holidays; so that, allowing for a bad debt or two, you must allow the speculation to be profitable.

The only year the boys missed their annual treat to the Mansion House was in (I forget the date, but let us say "*Consule Planco*"). The boys forfeited their invitation by the following misconduct. When Mr. Thompson, the president, died, the Duke of Cambridge and the then Lord Mayor (Alderman —) were candidates for the office. The sympathies of the Blues were unanimously with the Duke. He had just returned from the Crimea, and the boys were full of martial ardour, and received the Duke with loud cries of "Alma! Inkerman! Balaklava!" etc., whilst the worshipful Mayor was hissed, groaned at, and his coachman even pelted with various missiles. For this ebullition of party spirit, the Mayor, remembering his reception, declined to receive the boys at the Egyptian Hall. The Blues, however, had their shillings, I believe from the purse of the Duke of Cambridge.

The first Wednesday in every month is a "leave-day," and all who are "leave-boys" are allowed to quit the school immediately after breakfast, and they must return between six and eight in the evening, according to the

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THE BLUECOAT BOY'S MOTHER.

season of the year. Those who are not "leave-boys," that is, those who have no friends in London whom they can visit, and who have not been put on the leave-list by request of parents or friends, remain on the premises. A bell is rung at certain times in the day, and the non-leave boys, and those who have been "stopped" for misconduct, idleness, etc., are summoned by its sound, and every name is called over, and responded to by the owner of the name. Any absentee is therefore discovered and reported. Occasionally, though, one boy will answer for another, and then again respond to his own name. It would be impossible for an official to know every boy by name. Many boys on these leave-days do what they call "a ramble," instead of visiting friends. Two boys, with a couple of shillings between them, will start off in the morning, and be out the whole day, and enjoy themselves, too, on this limited capital. The Tower of London is free to the Blues, and many boys go there. Others will walk many miles in these days, and see just what they can. Some of the tales and adventures of these "ramblers" are most amusing; and, as they are up to all kinds of tricks, the reader may imagine that the day thus spent is seldom without some incident of interest, and their adventures or misadventures, scrapes and escapes, are related with hearty gusto on their return.

The religious education of the boys is attended to as much as it possibly can be in so large a school, although the opportunities of giving personal, individual exhortation and advice must necessarily be few. The boys attend church twice on Sunday. One portion of the day is also spent in the wards, and the church catechism, psalms, hymns, etc., are rehearsed, the monitors presiding. In the evening, after supper, the head master usually gives a short practical address, or lecture on some telling subject; it is always plain, simple, and suited to the capacity even of the youngest. The "duty" of grace before every meal consists of reading a portion of Scripture, singing, and the usual series of prayers. The Scriptures are also read in class, after which examination and explanation take place. The head master frequently visits the infirmary, and speaks individually to the sick boys on serious subjects. This, I think, is almost the only opportunity a boy has of being spoken to personally on religion.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here the great kindness of a private gentleman, who for a great many years devoted much of his time daily in visiting the sick wards of the school. From his own purse he supplied the boys with books, paper, pencils, draughts, chess, and all manner of things that would please the boys (consistent with rule). Often when a boy was recovering from an illness, and perhaps friendless in this great city, this good Samaritan would take him out for a drive in his carriage. Seldom a leave-day but two or three Blues were invited to his house, regaled with the best, and sent home in the evening, never empty-pocketed. In a word, this gentleman's attention to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the boys was beyond praise, and no Blue but loved, honoured, and respected him.

A very excellent plan was adopted by Dr. Jacob when he first took the head mastership of the school, of sending a half-yearly certificate of progress in study and general conduct to the parents of the boys. The Blues kicked terribly at this innovation at first, and those who had indifferently good or bad characters tore up the certificate; in fact, the pathway from the grammar school to the doctor's house was literally strewn with the fragments. A new plan has since been adopted of sending the certificate by post to the parents.

I said at the commencement of this paper that I should point out some of the foibles and virtues of the Blue; perhaps the reader may say I have shown more of the former than of the latter; hitherto, perhaps so, but the Blue *has* many qualities highly commendable. His generosity is proverbial; the Rev. Michael Gibbs, of Christ Church, will tell how largely the boys give in response to any appeal made to their sympathies by him. If a parcel is received by a Blue from home, the contents vanish in less than half-an-hour amongst the boys of his ward. "Grubbing in sly"—viz., concealment of goods, with intent to eat them privately—is a great but not a common offence amongst the boys. As a rule, the Blue is affable, self-reliant, and ready to oblige; cheerful in retirement, agreeable in society, and although, boy-like, very often thoughtless and impulsive, yet he is signalised for a kindly disposition, and an open, generous, and manly bearing.

One word on the public school question. No parent should send a boy to school before he has well considered his peculiarities of head and heart, his gifts of constitution, temperament, and bodily strength (I speak, of course, to those who *can afford* to weigh these matters). Have you a boy of talent, a robust constitution, one who can fight his own way, and struggle with a manly spirit against difficulties and hardship?—send him to a public school, where he will find room for his talents, space for enterprise. Have you a boy of nervous temperament, sensitive, delicate in constitution, who seeks aid and advice in most points, and who cannot swim against the stream, or stand in a fray with an unflinching heart?—send him to a private school. Have you a boy dull in intellect, whose capabilities are few, who shrinks from society, is withal susceptible and conscious of his weaknesses?—keep him at home. A father should study these points with the seriousness with which he would study the profession or trade of his child; for on the basis of the one is built the other, and an error of judgment may cost him dear.

A boy who has been educated at a public school never forgets its associations, and always loves to talk over his school-boy days, and ever takes a great interest in the institution. Perhaps I have been guilty in the eyes of old Blues for taking the reader a while behind the scenes, and exposing the faulty side of "Bluedom;" yet, after all, the love I bear the dear old place must be something akin to the poet's, when he sings of the spot where he first drew breath, and the land that gave him birth; and ere the censure is penned, the words of the patriot recur to the memory, and are echoed by the heart, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

SERVIA.

II.

As to the social and domestic habits of the people, I have previously hinted at the striking resemblance of the Knes or Waiwode (*alias* Heyduc) to what was, not so very long ago, the condition of our head of a Highland clan; and shown that his Momkes were neither more nor less than our caterans. But there was one great difference: the Servian did not descend into the plains for sustenance and plunder; he had possessions and property there, and his appearance was generally more acceptable than unwelcome. He was, to a certain extent, the shield and protector of the Raja, and usually joined his standard in the national hour of need. It was, however, in the details of the feudal system that such curious variations prevailed as to deserve the

grotesque title of similes of dissimilitude. We are all aware of the foster-brother devotedness to the death, which shed a heroic halo round many a sanguinary conflict in our far north; and of other clannish relations, such as adoption and family compacts, hardly less intense in attachment, which made self-sacrifice an every-day offering to every true clansman. In Serbia the strongest tie is a voluntary one, and entered into with a stranger in blood. This institution is known as "The Brotherhood." Persons unite with one another "in the name of God and St. John," for mutual fidelity and aid during their whole lives. The allies style themselves "Brothers in God," "Brothers by choice" (Pobratimi), and no ecclesiastical benediction is considered necessary for constituting this bond, most binding in Serbia proper. In all the recent wars it has been productive of incidents which would fill a volume of stirring anecdotes, or furnish materials for half a dozen (rather sensational) romances. Blood feuds are unknown to the Servian clans; but, strangely enough, they are recognised by the same Slavonian race in Montenegro. The only other peculiarity I shall mention, is the prevalence throughout the Slavonic Servian tribe of the strong and lively feeling of brotherly and sisterly affection: the brother is proud of having a sister, the sister swears by the name of her brother. A deceased husband is not bewailed by his wife; the mournful office is performed by his mother and sisters. I shall only refer to one other trait. In some parts the custom ordains that when one of two brothers dies whose birthdays have chanced to fall on the same month, the living is fastened to the dead body, until he adopts, in his deceased brother's stead, some strange youth, by whom he is thereupon released.

The Servian language is stated to be a Hellenised Russian, and the most refined of the Slavonian dialects. Their literature is but small. I am sorry I cannot just now refer to my old polyglot friend, Sir John Bowring, for his illustration of their ballad poetry. I can only remember that he has given specimens and quotations which convince one that it is a very poetical tongue.

But to come to the practical conclusion of this miscellaneous sketch: at the close of last century, Serbia was, as I have described it, a down-trodden people. It is wonderful how the spirit of nationality had been preserved (though I have indicated some of the most influential causes); but it did live in the mountains and forests, and even in the villages; whilst the Moslem occupied the towns, garrisoned the fortresses, collected the taxes, and perpetrated every act of oppression and violence which their religion prescribes for the conversion or punishment of unbelievers. Every atrocity that can be conceived desolated the subjugated and doomed land. Utter slavery, the vilest social injuries, unchecked crime, murder and massacre, devastated the miserable Servia. At length it could endure no more, and resistance, however desperate, was provoked. George Petrovitch, a Heyduc, styled by the Russians Kara, or black George (oddly enough they put the Christian name last, after that of the family), rose to the top and successfully led the rebellion, till great concessions were wrung from the Turk. Dr. Croly, in a noble poem, made this chieftain his hero; but he glanced only at his patriotism and warlike achievements for the rescue of his native country, and took no heed to mark that he shot his father, and hanged his brother, for ambitious reasons of state not quite reconcilable with filial piety or fraternal love. It was in 1806, when he was supreme, that the infamous massacre of the Turks at Belgrade took place, and brought its retribution in many a bloody

scone of retaliation on both sides, equally guilty, through succeeding years of villany and horror. God sometimes employs incomprehensible instruments to work the Divine ways; and, with all his barbarism, Kara George was an illustrious swineherd! For so the Heyduc was, and so were all his companions; and so was Milosch, who succeeded and assassinated him, when he ventured to return from exile after his abdication. With their thousands of porkers fattening on the acorns in the invincible oak forests, the greatest swineherds, and dealers in the export of hog's flesh, he it remarked, have been the wealthiest individuals, and, in short, the liberators and princes of Servia. Heyduc, or dealer, they played their parts; and it is almost a pity, as certainly it was a crime, to murder Kara George, and send his head (cut off by a friend) as a present to the Grand Seigneur at Constantinople. It is not within my purpose to speak of the struggles and vicissitudes which marked his turbulent reign, nor the yet more outraged period of Milosch (half a Turkish Pasha), torn and distracted by native conspiracies, executions, murders, and massacres. Suffice it to say that, stained as they were by deeds only fit for barbarians, they tended to the arrangement called the treaty of Bucharest, supplemented by the treaty of Akerman, upon which Turkey played fast and loose, as left more or less free by the shifting influences of European politics. Of late years things have tended to the more direct and avowed patronage of Russia. Let us hope that education, in the spirit of Western reform, will be strenuously encouraged by the government of Servia, established within these few months, independent of Turkey, guaranteed by Russia, and cared for by the principal powers in Europe. The position of the new Prince Michel of Servia, the removal of the Ban of Croatia to make way for a civil governor, the attempt at insurrection in Bulgaria, and the unsettled condition of all the region from the banks of the Danube to Finmé and the Litterale, all speak but one language—things cannot continue long as they are. The means for change are presented to us in two forms, both in operation at this moment. Is it to be by religion or nationalism? The Greek Church is the handle for one; Greek nationality, or Panhellenism, and Panslavonism, are the tools wherewith to work the other. To enlarge the kingdom of Greece is a Russian object. To be the friend and protector of the Greek religion and its Christian adherents, whosoever they exist, is another potent Muscovite element; and we have only to look at the accounts of the reception of certain Slave delegates to the Ethnographical Exhibition at Moscow (having, as the Russian press assures the world, "no political tendency") to believe that it can have nothing to do with any project for the "grand union of Slavonic nationalities." The delegates were simply representative of the Tschechs, Croats, and Servians, etc., paying a visit to their brethren in the north! But it is difficult to suppose that the meeting was devoid of political interest.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

On a drenching wet day in June 1867, early in the morning, one of the Inman steamers cast anchor off Staten Island. The passage had been a quick and very pleasant one across the Atlantic; so my very first impression of New York weather was inauspicious. As weather, moreover, has no small influence on the feelings, the depression was great to one entering, a perfect stranger, into the city, alone and without any friends to

await and welcome me. There is, probably, no more lonesome feeling than that experienced by a man arriving, for the first time in his life, in a large strange city. Many a poor young emigrant at such a time is likely to be the prey of land-sharks and rogues of all descriptions, who infest seaport towns, and especially New York.

Let me, however, dismiss these very earliest and somewhat gloomy impressions, and, with the reappearance of genial sunshine, take a more cheerful view of things. Before we had fairly bade adieu to the steamer, the weather had cleared; and, while the steerage passengers are being paraded before the doctor, we take a survey of the surrounding scenes. At once we are impressed with the busy, bustling scene of industry. Shipping of all kinds and sizes is crowded in all directions; enormous ferry-boats with beam-engines, and painted white, are plying from Brooklyn on the one side, and from New Jersey on the other. Here is a large Transatlantic steamer, which is performing quarantine for a few days; there the small tow-boat, which makes a terrible bellowing with its steam-pipe, as if to say, "Don't overlook me, I am as useful in my way as any of you." Between this giant and dwarf there are steamers of all sorts and sizes, preparing to start in all directions, some for the large rivers, others for sea voyages, the former, with their double tiers of state rooms, towering aloft. Very splendid boats they are; every luxury in the shape of upholstery is to be found on board—even a grand pianoforte; so that the passenger may seem in a house rather than on the water.

Then, looking out to land, very pleasant is the prospect on the New Jersey side, well wooded and undulating, studded thickly with houses, with here and there a church spire and tower.

But now the surgeon has finished his work, and the cabin passengers, with whom the captain has been amusing himself by threats of a trot round before the surgeon to show their state of health, are passed as healthy without a word, except what may have privately passed between the two officials.

The tender is alongside; and, after the luggage is fairly transferred, we, the cabin passengers, descend into it from our home of twelve days, and we are safely landed at the wharf. Here our baggage is examined very slightly by the revenue officers, and we are dismissed. Passing through heavy iron gates, we fall into a throng of carriages and carriage-drivers, porters and trucks. A stranger arriving for the first time is like to be pulled in pieces by this collection of rogues, who look upon him as their lawful prey.

Fairly through this mob, I toiled heavily along, carrying my own valise and bag, besides overcoat and umbrella, till a persevering fellow who had followed me, and who seemed willing fairly to earn a job, was allowed to relieve me of my load. We struggled through mud and wet, to get a fair start into the streets. The change from bracing and cool sea breezes to the offensive odours of drains and gutters, of shops and shambles, began to be apparent. Presently we are amidst the moving life of the city. The tinkling of bells indicates the near approach of a street car, into which I enter, and soon find myself conveyed at a good pace, and with very easy motion, to the farther end of the city. Here, opposite the Astor House, is a great collection of street cars, drawn by two horses and rolling over iron tramways.

It seems unfortunate that the introduction of street cars into the streets of London has not been successful. It is true that London is far better paved than New York, and therefore carriages travel along the streets far more comfortably and easily than they could possibly

do in the latter city, which is very badly paved; but still, the motion is so much more easy than over the macadam or granite road, and the impediment to the other traffic is so slight, that it is surprising that our clever people have not succeeded in taking a leaf out of the American book, and adopting them.

Passing from this to the first impressions of the manners of the people, let me at once say, that though there are men to be found in the States who are very rough and uncouth, yet the main body of the people are very hospitable, and ready, indeed anxious, to show a stranger every possible attention. Some of their customs are not, to an Englishman, the most pleasing; the ubiquitous spittoon, the incessant cigar and pipe, and the nasal twang and barbarous tone of the voice, and certain expressions unused on this side, tell a stranger that he is not at home. For instance, you ask a question; the questioner does not catch your meaning. "How's that?" is his mode of inquiry. "Do you smoke any?" says a Northern man, in offering a cigar. "Have you bathed any?" says another: "Yes, I have some," is the reply; the words "any" and "some" being used at the end of a sentence instead of before the substantive. The emphasis is often laid upon the last word in a reply, as, "Just so," "No, *sir*." But, beyond such small peculiarities, the old slang of the States is fast dying away, and good pure English, perhaps rather abruptly spoken, is gaining ground amongst all classes.

I have little to note as to my first impression of most of the public buildings, such as the Treasury Buildings, the Banks, the Post-office—a poor place, by the way, being a combination of an old church, whose tower still stands, and an adjoining warehouse. In the Stock Exchange a babel of tongues in the lower floor arises from certain outsiders, not members, who are watching with eager eyes the working of the telegraph; on the upper floor is another babel no less undistinguishable, but with somewhat more order. Here the auctioneer sits at a tribune and sells the parcels of stock, etc., publicly, while the members sit round on open benches. Strange sounds arise from the members, who either hoot the buyers of stock, or cheer, and occasionally break out into a choral song and beat time with their feet. Thus millions change hands amongst these grown-up boys. Leaving this noisy scene, I proceed to examine the basement of this building. Here is a long chamber extending from one street into another, its sides of solid granite some two feet thick. At each end are heavy double gates, and outside the walls there is a public passage, so that police can pass up and down and keep it under inspection. In this chamber, against the walls, are rows of fire and burglar proof safes, the keys of which are altogether different from those in ordinary use. They are simply rings, which form certain combinations of figures; and it is said that no less than one million of combinations can be formed on one key. These safes are hired at a certain rental, by members of the Stock Exchange or the general public, for the safe custody of documents and bonds, which are largely used in the States to represent investments. This is one of the most useful institutions in this city, as every safe is practically impenetrable to a stranger.

A word about the currency: this is all in paper; greenbacks are universal, from five cents up to any number of dollars. Besides this paper currency there are only bronze and nickel coins from one to five cents; no gold or silver is used at all—indeed, it would be confusing were they to be used. All transactions are in currency paper, which is considerably less in value than gold and silver, which vary in value daily.

Near the Exchange is one of the finest churches in the city, St. George's, which, for grandeur of design and luxurious ornamentation of both exterior and interior, cannot be surpassed: it is certainly one of the greatest ornaments of the city. In its churchyard they are endeavouring to domicile sparrows; against the trees are attached small wooden boxes for the birds to nestle in; and to a certain extent they have succeeded, and have found the birds very useful in clearing the ground of insects.

But enough of the business part of the city. It is a hot day, and business men are moving about in brown holland and other light material. We take the cars and travel out through Union and Madison Squares to the great Central Park, of which New Yorkers are not unreasonably proud. It is very wide and extensive, is pleasantly situated, with undulating slopes, diversified by trees, and water fountains, and lakes. Here are gravel paths and carriage drives, ornamental houses, and, on a central rising ground, a well-appointed restaurant. An attempt has been made to form a menagerie; but it is a very poor one as yet.

If there is nothing particularly remarkable in the city of New York, there is certainly something very remarkable in the way in which the celebrated 4th of July is kept. It is useless to make orders against firing pistols in the public streets; for not only are they fired to make a noise, but they are often charged with ball, and accidents of a fatal nature occur. On last 4th July no less than eighteen fires took place, and one woman, looking out of an upper window, was shot dead by a passer-by. A large sum is contributed by the municipality for fireworks, and these are displayed in several parts of the city. Besides this display, private individuals expend a great quantity of powder; ladies may be seen firing Roman candles from the porches of their houses, over the passing carriages; and down every street, and throughout the whole night fireworks are being discharged incessantly, so anxious are all New Yorkers to display their love for liberty. Would that they were as anxious to be as free from worse yokes and harder tyrants! New York, like every large city, has its deep sinks of vice and immorality, unchecked by the religious influences which are actively at work through all denominations. On the other hand, one cannot help being impressed with the numerous churches to be met with in all directions: and no mean buildings are they. It is very creditable to the Americans that they take such pride in their places of worship; and all by voluntary effort. They are usually large, well cushioned, handsomely decorated, and invariably supplied with good organs. The holders of pews pay large sums for their holdings, generally a considerable sum down, and a rental besides. Thus, at an Episcopal Church just being completed, after the congregation had paid 200,000 dollars to re-erect the church, a family will pay for a pew of five sittings 2,500 dollars, and 90 dollars a year afterwards; so that it cannot be said that the interests of religion are uncared for, as far as the necessary funds are concerned.

Altogether one's impression of New York is, that it is a place of intense activity, both in good and evil; a city thoroughly energetic in business, and in all the pursuits of life. Its churches, schools, hospitals, and beneficent institutions are numerous and well supported. But, on the other side of the picture, bribery and corruption are bold and barefaced in the highest positions; the greed for gain is excessive, and the vulgar love of display and taste for costly luxuries not in keeping with the boast of republican institutions.

Varieties.

THE TEA SHIP RACE.—Of the fleet of clipper ships engaged in the great race from China to London this year, the days taken by each ship were as follows:—Ariel, 102 days; Taeping, 102; Fiery Cross, 110; Chinaman, 112; Flying Spur, 115; Maitland, 116; Taitsing, 118; Black Prince, 118; Serica, 119; Ziba, 120; Yang Taze, 120. The Ariel, it should be mentioned, met with three days' detention in the chops of the Channel, and some of the others met with very tempestuous weather, losing spars, sails, and sustaining other damage by shipping heavy seas. One of them reports seeing a vessel go down with all hands. The cargoes of teas they brought over were as follows:—The Ariel, 1,268,960 lbs.; Taeping, 1,136,961 lbs.; Fiery Cross, 940,510 lbs.; Flying Spur, 949,716 lbs.; Maitland, 1,198,708 lbs.; Taitsing, 1,098,310 lbs.; Black Prince, 1,163,114 lbs.; Serica, 1,030,525 lbs.; Ziba, 742,207 lbs.; Yang Taze, 875,972 lbs.; Chinaman, 856,576 lbs.

RAINFALL OF THE 25TH OF JULY LAST.—The engineer to the Metropolitan Board of Works estimated that during the twenty-four hours between ten o'clock p.m. on the 25th July, and ten o'clock on the 26th, no less than 26 millions of tons of water fell upon the district drained by the great metropolitan system of sewers. It is easily perceived that this is a very large quantity, but perhaps few persons can form anything like a correct idea of what 26 millions of tons of water actually means. Estimating the weight of a cubic foot of water at 62,321 lbs., a ton of water will require a cistern of the capacity of 35.94 cubic feet, and 26,000,000 tons would occupy a space of no less than 934,440,000 cubic feet. A tank of this capacity would be 1,850 feet in length, 1,263 feet in breadth, and 400 feet in depth; or a length equal to that of the Crystal Palace, a breadth equal to the length of Westminster Bridge, and a depth equal to the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.—*William Hughes, Associate of the Institute of Actuaries.*

LONDON RAINFALL.—The greatest rain in 24 hours I find recorded at Greenwich was on the 14th of July, 1853, when 2.63 inches fell, being eleven per cent., or one ninth of the yearly average. A ninth of the yearly average at Seathwaite (140 inches) is 15.6 inches; yet they have never had more than 6.6 inches in twenty-four hours; that is to say, not five per cent. against our eleven per cent. The amount registered at Camden Town between the 25th of July, 10 p.m., and the 26th of July, 9 a.m., 1867, was 1.82 inch. Although correctly entered for the rainfall day ending at 9 a.m., it may be well to mention that the total fall between 10 p.m. one night and the same hour next night is 2.21 inches. And from the registers it will be seen (1) that it is rather more than ten years since we had so heavy a rain as that night; (2) that in fifty-two years there have only been seven days on which the rain has been greater than in the present instance; or (3), if we take the twenty-four hours from the commencement of the rain, then only two instances out of fifty-two years. Moreover, during the same fifty-two years there have been eighty-five days on which an inch or more of rain has fallen; of these eleven occurred between the 21st and 27th of July.—*G. J. Symons.*

FRENCH GAME.—A friend of mine was visiting France, and there was an owl in the garden that had only got one leg. My friend used to admire this owl; and two or three days after his arrival he had some *gibier* (as they call their game) for dinner. The game was very small, but he enjoyed his dinner immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of *gibier* yesterday," was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. "Why, did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he next asked. "I no kill ze owl, Monsieur; he did himself."—*Frank Buckland.*

SAVINGS-BANKS.—The amount due to depositors in the trustee savings-banks of England and Wales, November 20, 1866, was £31,473,182, as compared with £33,448,816 November 20, 1865. The decline in the deposits is no doubt attributable in great part to the competition of the post-office savings-banks.

EDITING PERIODICALS.—Captain Marryat says:—"I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing; it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, wrapped up in it. One publication is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to the severest drudgery."